



Dear Diary—

Well, kids, we have finally made it—our twelve years of school have come to an end—at last!! It seemed like twenty years, didn't it?

When we, as freshmen, started our last four years of school, we thought ourselves to be tops; that is, until the seniors got hold of us. But we weren't banged up too much, I guess. We struggled through that initiation time and plunged into those horrible subjects such as algebra and Latin.

Most of us escaped, somehow, into the sophomore room. You all know, of course, that the library was our home room. With nothing else to do, we counted all the books on the shelves. And I found out that there were four hundred McIntire books, four hundred books that belonged to the school, eleven sets of encyclopedias. Oh, I forgot to mention the six Webster dictionaries. Could we help it if nothing exciting happened in our second year of high.

Anyone who has been or is a junior knows how hard we worked that year. We sold pencils, magazines, aluminum paper, put on the Variety Show and the class play. Believe me, we had money rolling out the windows. Our capital rather dissolved a little after we entertained the seniors with a prom.

After hard years of work, we finally dragged ourselves into room thirteen and took the title of "Seniors". Boy, were we proud! Then the tables turned, and we took our spite out on the poor freshmen—why not? It, now, was our turn to look at the sophomores and shake our heads with pity; and to take a peep at the junior treasury and turn green with envy. We are trying hard to earn money for our proposed senior trip, but something went wrong when we tried to sell Xmas cards—more boxes of cards were turned in than money. We also worked hard on the class play and our assembly.

With all foolishness aside, we really do hate to leave you lower classmen, and we know that you feel the same toward us. We have made our friends and shall never forget you. The time has passed very quickly this last year, but we've had great fun together. Haven't we?

We would like to leave some advice to you before we go. To the freshmen we want you to know that you were all swell sports and that you should keep it up the rest of the way. To the sophomores we want to advise you to take good care of the library and to keep a total count of the books. Last but not least, we would like to tell the juniors that you have your time coming—save your money.

Well, we must say goodbye, and though we know you can't leave, please don't forget us.



*The Editors*

ANN LENHART  
BILL CALLIHAN

*Seniors*





### *Freshman Daze*

Dear Diary—

Well, I guess I entered high school with the same feeling of fear and timidity as all the other freshmen before me. The very first thing that I did was the task of making out my schedule. After a lot of deciding, changing, and going to the office, I finally got my schedule in order. At last I managed to get settled down. No sooner was I settled than along came that dreaded ordeal called initiation. I think ours was worse than any ever had been or dared to be again. But even with the customary raw eggs, raw liver, lard sandwiches, paddling, etc., I managed to survive. After initiation, Mr. Buck, Mr. Regula, and the almighty seniors were kind enough to let us continue our everyday life of studying. Since I was now a full-fledged member of high school, I felt more at ease.

We voted for our class colors and decided upon the combination of red and white. We also elected a very efficient group of class officers. They were as follows: president, Madonna Wilson; vice president, Bud Spring; treasurer, Phyllis Adams, and assist treasurer, Laura Cassidy.

We had a very nice weiner roast with burnt marshmallows and many gallons of delicious cider. We had lots of fun and decided it was a great success.

But with all good there is some evil, and so it was with our Christmas vacation, for soon after it came semester exams.

We ended our first semester of high school with wonderful(?) marks and eternal memories of football, hayrides, and weiner roasts.





*Off we go!!*



*Class Officers*



*We're back of the team!*



*Musicians*



*Checking the cards*



*Pigskin Toters*





*Red Cross Representatives*



*Strutting*



*Hot dogs and coffee!!*



*Reporters*



*Peace??*



*Umm - - Food*





*Bad kids!*



*The cooks*



*Future Varsity*



*Singspiration*



*Tough Guy*



*Nouns and Adjectives*





PHYLLIS ADAMS—Our witty freshman attendant is from East Fultonham. Her hobby is dancing at the Lake with a certain Junior boy. She is a member of the advertising staff of the Hilites. French fries and hamburgs hit the top of her food list. She is usually seen with any of the freshmen.





*It's all over now!*

Dear Diary—

After surviving the first semester, I returned to school to start a clean slate and to work even harder for that certain day in May I would be freed from the misery of education. But aside from the subjects which make education such a dreaded part of every teen agers life, we planned our annual freshman assembly. This of course, was a success. We also had a pot luck dinner which we all survived without too many ill effects!

We settled down and started working on that difficult Latin, those mile long algebra problems, and that dread English. Unfortunately there was nothing we could do to fight this steady stream of education, except study. And we did study! But before we knew it, we were busy planning for our Valentine's party. We made the customary red and white box and ordered a few refreshments. We had our party, and it too was a success. Then we had our Easter vacation; and after this, it wasn't too long until it was time for our final exams and you know what that means. It was but a few days after these that we were out of school. Yes, we had finished our first year of high school. And so, I left school on that day in May, glad to welcome summer and that wonderful vacation. But I will also be glad to welcome all the kids next year as I return as a Sophomore. Just think! !





*Back to the Grind!*

Dear Diary—

School started with a rush again this year. There was the usual scramble; schedules, classes, detentions, new teachers, and old friends. New students were common, but many old friends were missing.

There is a new crop of freshmen this year. The seniors are at work! I'm glad we have already been the sad victims of a high school initiation. "Time Heals All," though.

We chose officers early in the year. Bill Good was our new president, assisted by Gene Probasco, vice-president. Our treasurer was Bill Evans, while Ronald Chrisley was elected secretary.

We had a hayride too—lots of fun dancing at Lake Isabella.

Our new class rings, of course, are beautiful! It's a hard choice with so many samples from which to choose. They were selected by a special committee.

There are a lot of activities we Sophomores take part in. We have band, football, chorus, Prince of Peace declamation contest, in which David Laughton won a medal in the District contest; I Speak for Democracy contest, in which Bill Evans, Ronald Chrisley, Paula Maxwell, and Meris Drake took part, and many other activities.

Between the activities, the teachers seem to manage to keep us busy studying for tests. The detention hall seems to be full, but so far I have escaped the "Iron Fist". Maybe it is more good luck than good behavior.





*Class Officers*



*Yea, Roseville*



*Long Winded*



*Twirl, girls, twirl*



*Heading for a goal*



*Librarians*





*Gathering the news!*



*Better Homemakers*



*Future Editors*



*Red Cross Representatives*



*The vocalists*



*Full-fledged members*





*Next year's Varsity*



*The Girls' Class*



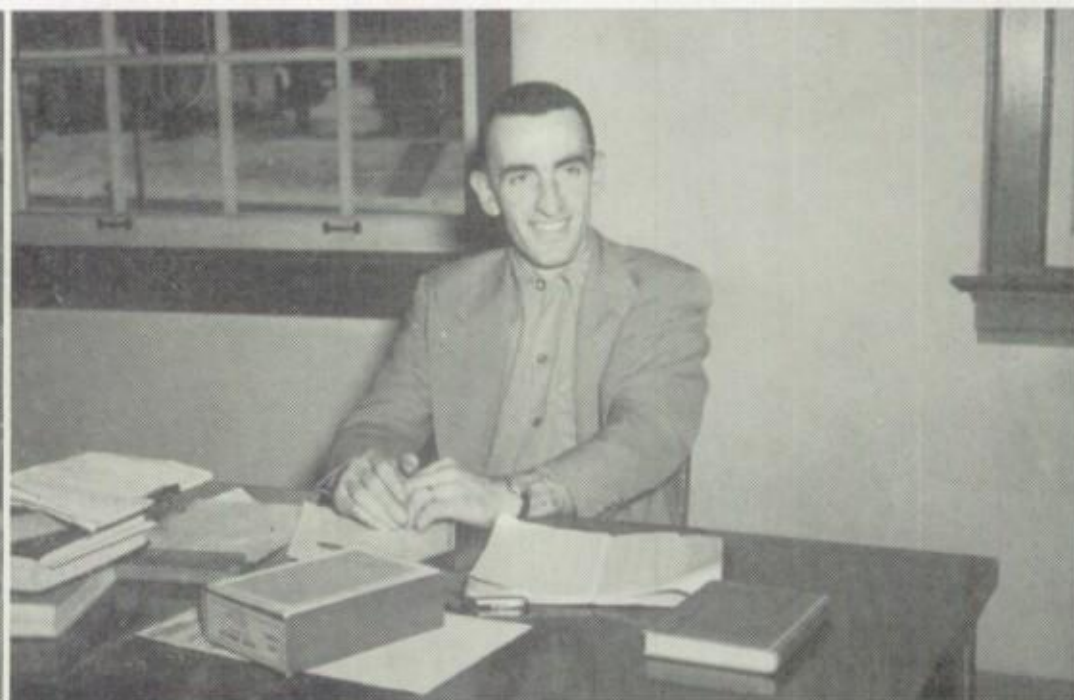
*I Speak for Democracy - - -*



*Prince of Peace*



*What a cook!*



*Smiles - -*





KAY SAVAGE—Our Sophomore attendant, with all her bubbling personality, is well known by everyone. She is a member of the cheerleading squad. Cheerleading is her hobby, and you can hear her calling for the square dances at the six mile turn every Saturday night. Her home is in Roseville.





*Leaving so soon?*

Dear Diary—

What a year! I certainly had loads of fun, but all the same, I'm glad it is over.

Talk about embarrassing moments, I have had plenty of them this year. Dozing off in world history, getting caught with a paper wad, and being asked silly questions to which you should have known the answer but didn't. What a sophomore doesn't go through!

It seems like I was busy enough. Weiner roasts, football games, basketball games, dances, shows, and plays. They were all packed with fun.

It is difficult to realize that the year has come to an end. We have reached the half way mark, anyway. Let's hope that the next two go as fast as the last two!

It seems only yesterday that we were timid freshmen running through the halls, chewing gum, and in deadly fear of initiation. It is all past now. Each year brings more and more cherishable memories to pack away.

We are well up the ladder now. Juniors! ! Just imagine what fun we shall have; the Prom, plays, and the more grown up activities!





*Do you remember?*

Dear Diary—

As usual, today I started another year of school, but this one shouldn't drag as slowly as my previous two; for now, Dear Diary, I'm a Junior. Just imagine, I'll get to pester everybody with pencils and magazines, and go to play practices, hayrides, parties, and of course to the Prom. But I know that this year won't be all pleasure for those teachers will still give tests.

This year when I get down in the dumps, won't you please get behind me and give me a little boost, for I know that my grades will have to be up to par or else I will be kicked off the Rosette Staff, football squad, basketball team, and many of the other activities in which I hope to participate. Don't ever let me down, keep reminding me that some day soon I'll move on to room thirteen and then grasp in my hand that good old sheep skin.

When January first rolls around, let's make a real, long, last resolution which will never be broken. We don't want to forget to study diligently, not to skip school, not to throw paper wads, and to always be on the Honor Roll.

The halls were almost the same today, full of stampeding students, new lovers, banging lockers, books, pencils, and nagging teachers.

Well, Dear Diary, I'll have to put you aside now for quite some time and get down to real work.





*Class Officers*



*Touchdown, touchdown!*



*The Horn Blows at Midnight!*



*Attention!!*



*Rah - Rah - Rah*



*Red Cross Representatives*





*Keep the books in shape*



*Future Homemakers of America!*



*Columnists*



*Buy a pencil?*



*Editors, Business Mgrs. and Salesmen*



*Varsity Basketball Boys*





*Rehearsal*



*Orator of Peace*



*Songsters*



*Finally members!!*



*Listen to those typewriters*



*Inspiration of R.H.S.*





JOHANNA HECKEL—Our efficient Junior attendant can usually be found talking in a language which is foreign to all of us who don't take chemistry or Latin. She is vice president of the Junior class and is on the Hilites staff. Her pastimes are playing the piano and feeding her 4-H cattle.





*Now don't forget!!*

Dear Diary—

As I look back over my previous three years of high school, I find that I have many memories. Some are very exciting while others are just the opposite.

The clangs of our old, rusty, school bell on September 7, 1948, brought back to our dusty school eighty-three thrilled freshmen. The pleasure of being our instructors was shoved upon Mr. LoPresti, Mr. Curl, and Miss Ramsey. During our first few days, we elected the following class officers: Bob Gamble, president; Nellie Rider, vice president; Nancy Williams, secretary; and Barbara Ditter and Ruth Roberts, class representatives. We were very proud to show our class colors of blue and white after shedding the fears of initiation. A weiner roast and hayride was the highlight of the year.

Returning under the guidance of Mr. LoPresti and Mr. Russell, we seventy-two sophomores found this year not quite so exciting as our first. The presidency went to Jerry Owens, with Nancy Williams as vice president; Johanna Heckel, secretary; and Barbara Ditter, treasurer.

This year we were very proud to have Nancy Williams in the Queen's court.

With a loss of seven, leaving a total of sixty-five, we entered our adventurous Junior year. Progressing under the direction of Miss Clark and Mrs. Leaders. Again this year, as last, we elected Jerry Owens to serve another term as president; Johanna Heckel, vice president; Barbara Skinner, secretary; and Nancy Williams, treasurer. Under a blue and white pennant and with the help of our dachund mascot, "Hot Dog", we succeeded reaching our goal as upperclassmen.

Johanna Heckel was our Homecoming attendant, escorted by David Williams.

Leaving a year of good memories behind, we will leave you as Juniors.





*Intelligent looking group!*

Dear Diary—

Hurray! I've finally reached my senior year. Gosh! What a struggle. I thought I'd never make it. Just think of all the exciting things; name cards, invitations, pictures, caps and gowns, the Class Play, the class trip, and all the other things that go with being a senior. It's almost too good to be true.

My gosh, won't those juniors ever get through selling pencils? I'd better not gripe, though, they bought ours last year.

Just think of the fun we had at initiation. If anyone would like the recipe for that delicious beverage or sandwich, please contact any senior.

We have the Christmas assembly to prepare for on top of getting rid of quite a few Christmas cards!

It is no wonder our pictures turned out so well, look at all the photogenic subjects!

After a thrilling season of football, we turned to another basketball season. My, doesn't time fly? Without those seven seniors, the basketball team will certainly be lost next year.

Wait till you see the gym decorated for the Prom. You can always count on an evening of fun, gay with a new idea for a decorating theme. Just think, it will be our turn to enjoy the evening as the honored guests.

Well, since we have kept such good scholastic records through high school, we hope for you to do the same, and we'll see you around.



MARLENE AIKEN

Library Club 3, 4  
Treasurer 3  
Rosette 3, 4  
F.H.A. 4  
Variety Show 3  
Valedictorian 4  
Scholarship Team  
Vice President 2



VASHTI BASH

Variety Show 3

JERALD BRUCE

Football 1, 3, 4  
Basketball 2, 3, 4  
Class President 4  
Class Secretary 2  
Varsity R 3, 4  
President 4  
Jr. Red Cross 3, 4  
Vice President 3, 4  
Class Play 3  
Boys' Glee Club 3



ORVILLE BUSH

Band 1, 2, 3, 4  
Glee Club 4  
Basketball 2, 4  
Brass Sextet  
Variety Show 3

BILL CALLIHAN

Rosette 2, 3, 4  
Class Play 3  
Scholarship Team  
Class President 1  
Class Treasurer 2  
Class Secretary 3  
Vice President 4  
Variety Show 3



CAROL CAMPBELL

Hilites 2, 3  
Editor 4  
Red Cross 2, 3, 4  
Library Club 3, 4  
Scholarship Team  
Class Treasurer 3  
Class Secretary 4  
Class Play 3  
I Speak For Democracy

DORIS CARR

Library Club 3, 4  
F.H.A. 3, 4  
Variety Show 3



BOB COWAN

Football 1, 2, 3, 4  
Basketball 1, 2, 3  
Varsity R 1, 2, 3, 4  
Baseball 1  
Manager 1, 4



LARRY CROWLEY

Band 1, 2, 3, 4  
Mixed Chorus 4  
Basketball 1, 2, 3  
Class Play 3  
Variety Show 3  
Rosette 3, 4



PAT DAVIS

Variety Show 3  
Class Play 3



MAX DILTS

Vice President 1  
Variety Show 3  
Manager 1



LORA DITTER

Variety Show 3  
F.H.A. 3, 4  
Glee Club 1, 2, 3  
Mixed Chorus 1, 2, 3  
Girls' Ensemble 3  
Red Cross 4



CLARA DUFF

Variety Show 3  
Class Play 3  
Library Club 3, 4  
Mixed Chorus 3, 4  
Hilites 4



NOMA DUPLER

Class Play 3  
Variety Show 3  
Hilites 4  
F.H.A. 3, 4



GLENNA EMBREY

Variety Show 3  
F.H.A. 2, 3, 4  
Red Cross 3, 4  
Library Club 2, 3, 4  
Hilites 4



WILMA ENSMINGER

Class Play 3  
Variety Show 3  
F.H.A. 3, 4  
Hilites 4  
Band 2, 3, 4





ROSALIE EVERSOLE

Variety Show 3  
F.H.A. 4  
Hilites 4



ROBERT FAULEY

*Buddy*

Football 1, 2  
Basketball 2  
Variety Show 3  
Class Play 3  
Glee Club 2, 3  
Mixed Chorus 2, 3  
Hilites 4

VERA FULLER

Glee Club 1, 2  
Mixed Chorus 3, 4  
F.H.A. 4  
Variety Show 3



ELIZABETH GALLIS

F.H.A. 3, 4  
Variety Show 3

JOHN E. GILLAND

Grover Cleveland 1  
Basketball Mgr. 3, 4  
Homecoming Escort  
Variety Show 3



ROBERT HAND

Glee Club 1  
Variety Show 3

BETTY HARPER

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4  
Mixed Chorus 1, 2,  
3, 4  
Variety Show 3  
Class Play 3



NORMA HENNING

Band 3, 4  
Glee Club 1, 3  
Mixed Chorus 3  
Variety Show 3



MARVIN HOUK

Football 1, 2, 3, 4  
Varsity R 2, 3, 4  
Basketball 2  
Baseball 1  
Variety Show 3  
Class Play 3  
Glee Club 2, 3  
Mixed Chorus 2, 3



BERNARD HUMPHREY

Delbroy High 1, 2  
Football 3, 4  
Basketball 3  
Variety Show 3



ELDEN KINNAN

Variety Show 3



ANN LENHART

Library Club 1, 2, 3,  
4  
Rosette 2, 3, 4  
Editor 4  
Hilites 1  
Band 1  
Homecoming Att. 4  
Class Play 3  
Variety Show 3  
Class Secretary 2  
Scholarship Team



FAIRY LLOYD

Rosette 3, 4  
Cheerleader 1, 2, 3,  
4  
Red Cross 4  
Library Club 4  
Band 1  
Glee Club 2, 3  
Variety Show 3  
Class Play 3



ROGER McCAUGHEY

Band 1, 2, 3, 4  
Glee Club 3, 4  
Monologues 3, 4  
Varsity R 4  
Hilites 2, 3, 4  
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4  
Football 4



JAMES McCONNELL

Variety Show 3  
Mixed Chorus 2



LOUISE  
McLAUGHLIN

Hilites 2, 3, 4  
Variety Show 3  
Class Play 3  
Homecoming Queen  
4  
Scholarship Team





NELSON MELICK

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4  
Football 1, 2, 3, 4  
Varsity R 2, 3, 4  
Rosette 3, 4  
Red Cross 2, 3, 4  
Variety Show 3  
Class Treasurer 4  
Salutatorian 4  
Scholarship Team



CAROLYN MILLER

Cheerleader 1, 2, 3,  
4  
Glee Club 3  
Band 1  
Rosette 3, 4  
Variety Show 3

BOB MOCK

Glee Club 2, 3  
Variety Show 3



DONNA MOODY

Variety Show 3  
Majortte 2, 3, 4

DICK NEBINGER

Band 1  
Cheerleader 1, 2, 3,  
4  
Variety Show 3  
Class Play 3  
Chorus 2  
Hilites 3, 4  
Prince of Peace 4  
Variety Show 1



CLYDE PARKS

Football 1, 3, 4  
Basketball 2  
Chorus 2, 3  
Class Play 3  
Variety Show 3

MARION PERRY

Rosette 3, 4  
Variety Show 3



CHARLES RADER

Band 1, 2, 3, 4  
Glee Club 2, 3, 4  
Variety Show 3  
Class Play Orches-  
tra 3  
Brass Sextet



BILL RIDER

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4  
Football 2, 3, 4  
Varsity R 2, 3, 4  
Variety Show 3



JERRY RIDER

Variety Show 3  
Varsity R 3, 4  
Football 1, 2, 3, 4  
Co-Captain 4  
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4  
Captain 4



FREDERICK RIDGELEY

Variety Show 3



JANE ROBINSON

Variety Show 3  
Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4  
Majorette 3, 4  
Class Play 3



CRETA SAYRE

Library Club 1  
Variety Show 3  
Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4  
Majorette 2, 3, 4



JIM SHIPLEY

Band 1, 2  
Variety Show 3



TERRY STALEY

Band 1  
Chorus 3  
Variety Show 3  
Class Play 3  
Football 4  
Basketball 2



EDDIE STERLING

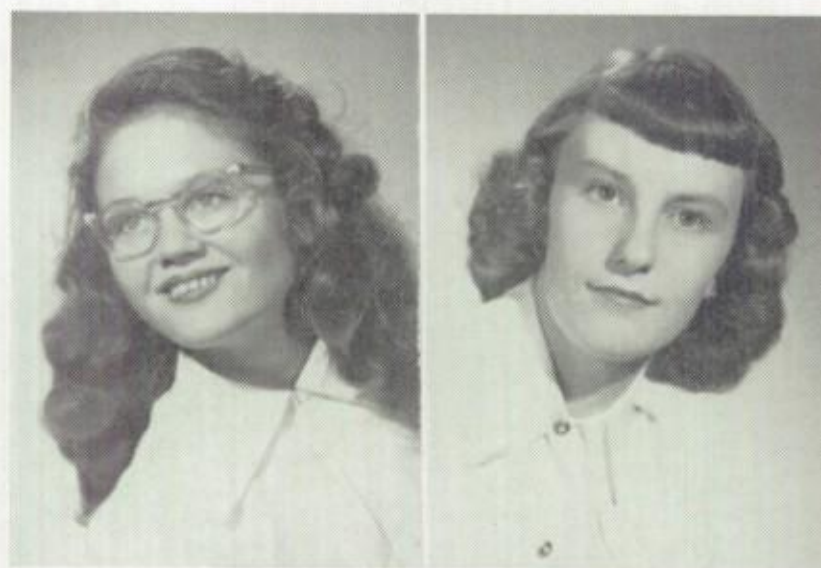
Football 1, 2, 4  
Football Mgr. 3  
Basketball Mgr. 2,  
3, 4  
Varsity R 3, 4  
Variety Show 3  
Class Play 3  
Class President 3





ERMA TOTH

Band 1  
Variety Show 3



ESTHER WHYDE

Band 2, 3, 4  
F.H.A. 3, 4  
President 4  
Hilites 4  
Red Cross 4  
Class Play 3  
Variety Show 3



JEAN ANN WILLIAMS

Class Play 3  
F.H.A. 2, 3, 4  
Variety Show 3  
Homecoming Att. 3

#### THE CLASS POEM

*We, the Seniors of Roseville High,  
Have come to bid you all good bye,  
The time has come when we must part  
With lingering memories in every heart.*

*Four years, whose joys we'll ne'er forget,  
The time and place where first we met,  
So, to you all, we'll say farewell  
And to the school we love so well.*

*As time goes on throughout the years,  
We'll share our memories, both hates and fears,  
Then comes the time when part we must,  
In you, Roseville High, we'll forever trust.*

LORA DITTER

COLOR: *Green and White*

MOTTO: *Onward Ever, Backward Never*



# Class Prophecy

At last! A vacation from the Treasury Office! I just returned from the airport where I bought plane tickets to California for the Rose Bowl game. Fairy Lloyd, the laboratory assistant at the Chemical Research Plant in Zanesville, is going with me. The head chemist is none other than Larry Crowley. Also buying plane tickets were Ann Lenhart and Erma Toth, who are now registered nurses.

We started bright and early the next morning to board the bus to Zanesville, and who should be driving but Elden Kinnan. Seated across the aisle from us were Pat Davis and Donna Moody, now telephone operators for the Ohio Bell Telephone Co. At the edge of town, we stopped to pick up Miss Carol Campbell, well-known reporter for the New York Times, who is spending the holidays with her family. Immediately upon reaching the bus terminal we called a taxi. The driver, Bob Mock, took us directly to the airport.

Since it was about time for our plane to leave, we hurried to the field where the stewardess, Rosalie Eversole, took our tickets and showed us to our seats. She informed us that our pilot and co-pilot were Roger McCaughey and Orville Bush. Then we were off!

Just as we left our plane at the Los Angeles Airport, we were caught in a mob of autograph hounds surrounding their idol, Betty Harper, who was leaving on a personal appearance tour.

We went directly to our hotel where the doorman, Clyde Parks, admitted us. We registered with the desk clerk, Bill Callihan; and he rang for the bellhop, Max Dilts, who took our baggage to our room.

After unpacking, we met Nelson Melick, Jr., President of the Upright Motorcycle Corp., and his wife, the former Marlene Aiken, who were to take us to the Brown Derby for dinner. When we arrived, the owner, Terry Staley, formerly of Roseville, escorted us to our table. While the chef, Jerald Bruce, was preparing our dinners, we looked around. Who should be sitting at the next table but a group of our former Roseville High School football players, who were also here for the game. They were: Marvin Houk, Bernie Humphrey, Bill Rider, Bob Cowan, and Eddie Sterling.

After we finished dinner, we headed for the Mocambo to see Antonio Rabolis, the famous interpreter of Spanish dances. To our surprise, we found him to be none other than our own Richard Nebinger in disguise. Also there for the opening of his show were Louise McLaughlin, first woman candidate for President, and some of her fellow politicians. Among them were: Doris Carr, Lora Ditter, Glenna Embrey, Vera Fuller and Liz Gallis. After the floor show we headed for our hotel.



After sleeping most of the morning, we had lunch and headed for the Tournament of Roses Parade. On the first gaily decorated float whom should we see but Creta Sayre, who had been chosen as one of the attendants to the Queen, Jane Robinson. Farther along in the parade we recognized still another member of her court, Noma Dupler. Roseville certainly was well represented.

And then at last, off to the game. At the gate our tickets were taken by Jim McConnell, and Fred Ridgeley ushered us to our seats. Glancing around we saw Carolyn Miller and Wilma Ensminger, who are now both famous fashion designers. Directly across from us in the press box, ready to announce the game, sat Buddy Fauley and John Gilliland.

Finally, the referee, Dick Claypool, blew the whistle. Ohio State, under the able coaching of Dayle Browning, kicked off to U.C.L.A., who was well guided by Jerry Rider. It seemed odd for these two to be coaching different teams, as they were once the co-captains of the mighty Ramblers.

After Ohio State's first touchdown, band director, Charles Rader, led the band in their fight song. At the half-time, we bought hot dogs from the vendor, Marion Perry. Looking around, we saw tree surgeon, Bob Hand who was with his friend, Jim Shipley, now with the American Light Company.

As we played no favorites in the game, we were glad to see it end in a 21-21 tie. On our way to the exit, whom should we run in to but Normah Henning, who is happily married, and Esther Whyde, secretary to the Texas Oil Firm.

And so we headed back to the hotel to reminisce over the old familiar faces we had the pleasure to see on our trip.

JEAN ANN WILLIAMS





*The main executives!*



*Let's fight!*



*Library Club*



*Music, maestro!*



*Swell cooks*



*Razzle, dazzle*





*Journalists*



*Varsity Football boys*



*Majorettes*



*Senior vocal section*



*Rosette Staff*



*Varsity Basketball boys*





*Great oration*



*War or Peace?*



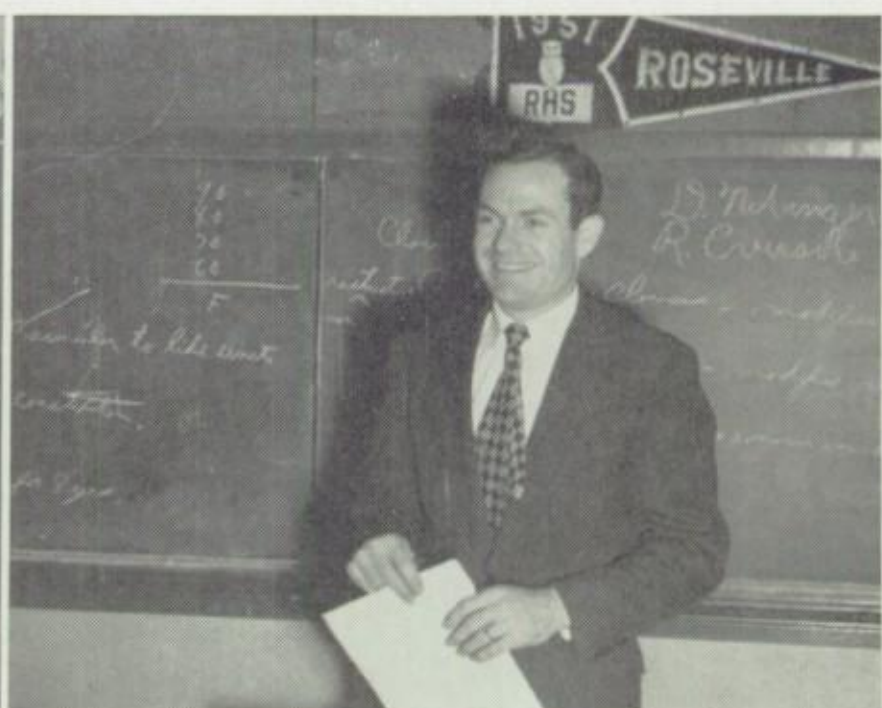
*Which do you like best?*



*Great guys*



*Ever-faithful Mike*



*Great counselor*



## Class Will

We the Class of "51" do hereby bequeath to the student body treasure chest of beautiful memories. Every treasure chest contains a variety of valuables, and ours is no exception.

To Mr. Regula—we leave the job of selling football tickets at next year's games.

To Mr. Buck—we leave the joy of excusing absent pupils.

To Mr. Wolfe and Mr. LoPresti—we will the Junior class.

To Miss Clark—we will the deed to R.H.S.

To Mrs. Leaders—we leave the shorthand books and old beat-up typewriters.

To Mr. Russell—we leave a new Junior Varsity.

To Miss Ransbottom—we will a henna rinse for her hair.

To Mr. Curl—we will a new set of freshmen and initiation.

To Mr. Smith—we leave the remains of the football team.

To Mr. Stroup—we leave our old torn music sheets.

To Miss Bassnett—we will some sugar for her sweet disposition.

To Mrs. Kerchner—we leave our love for her study halls.

To the Juniors—we will our ability of interrupting and disturbing Mr. Curl.

To the Sophomores—we leave the pleasure of taking World History.

To the Freshmen—we leave three more years to be on the RHS honor roll as we were.

I, Marlene Aiken, will my ability to talk in study hall to Frank Ransbottom.

I, Vashti Bash, will my boyfriends to Marion Harrop.

I, Jerald Bruce, will my knowledge to my brother, Earl.

I, Orville Bush, will my ability to take all the kids home at noon to anyone dumb enough to do it.

I, Bill Callihan, will my two years in French class to Miss Clark.

I, Carol Campbell, will my horn rimmed glasses to Eileen Swingle.

I, Doris Carr, will my bookkeeping workbook to anyone crazy to take it.

I, Richard Claypool, will my ability to be mean to Marvin Moody.

I, Bob Cowan, will my initiation "hot seat" to Lucille Lampros.

I, Larry Crowley, will the bass horn to Sharon Marshall.

I, Pat Davis, will my ability to write letters to Naomi Duff.

I, Max Dilts, will my heighth to Ronnie Pemberton.

I, Lora Ditter, will my freckles to anyone crazy enough to have them.

I, Clara Duff, will my ability to go steady for two years with the same boy to Nancy Williams and hope she gets along as well as I have.

I, Noma Dupler, will my ability to get my seat moved in Mr. Curl's study hall to Bob Dupler.



I, Glenna Embrey, will my giggles to Mary Alice Chessser.  
 I, Wilma Ensminger, will my drum sticks to Marvin Sowers.  
 I, Rosalie Eversole, will my long bus ride to Doris Shipley.  
 I, Buddy Fauley, will my ability to get along with women to Jim Derr.  
 I, Vera Fuller, will my ability to be engaged twice while in high school to Joy Woods.  
 I, Elizabeth Gallis, will my bashfulness to Virginia Gallis.  
 I, John Gilliland, will my science book to next year's seniors who didn't take it in their freshman year.  
 I, Bob Hand, will my speech book to anyone fool enough to take the course.  
 I, Betty Harper, will my title of "sweater girl" to Twila Sagle.  
 I, Normah Henning, will my slogan "never be without a boyfriend" to Mary Jane Shaw.  
 I, Marvin Houk, will my broad shoulders to Marvin Folden.  
 I, Bernard Humphrey, will my good looks to Jimmy Gill.  
 I, Elden Kinnan, will my government book to Jackie Lambert.  
 I, Ann Lenhart, will my white teeth and pleasant smile to Johanna Heckle.  
 I, Fairy Lloyd, will my ability to make a lot of noise at games to Florence Young.  
 I, Roger McCaughey, will my funny jokes to Pat Crowley.  
 I, James McConnell, will my paddle to the Freshmen.  
 I, Louise McLaughlin, will my ability of winning and keeping friends to Mary Ann Hansen.  
 I, Nelson Melick, will my ability to ask silly questions to Herb Hawk.  
 I, Carolyn Miller, will my ability to laugh at evrything to Sue Allen.  
 I, Eugene Mock, will my motorbike to Bob Laughlin.  
 I, Donna Moody, will my small waist line to Nancy Carroll.  
 I, Richard Nebinger, will my ability to do ballet to Bob Ball in hopes that he won't reach the top before I do.  
 I, Clyde Parks, leave Paula in the care of the Junior class.  
 I, Marion Perry, will my good grades to Ronnie Fisher.  
 I, Charles Rader, will my ability to be in the band six years to Grant Woods.  
 I, Bill Rider, leave my love to Marlene Carson.  
 I, Jerry Rider, will my ability to get to Crooksville every day to Dick Adams.  
 I, Fred Ridgeley, will my government book to Jim Hammers.  
 I, Jane Robinson, will my majorette uniform to Paula Maxwell.  
 I, Terry Staley, will my ability to sleep in class to Janet Neff.  
 I, Creta Sayre, will my ability to get a boy friend with a nice car to Donna Devore.  
 I, Jim Shipley, will my detention slips for going hunting to Joe Miller.  
 I, Eddie Sterling, will a bushel of rotten apples to every teacher in RHS.  
 I, Erma Toth, will my long hair to Madonna Wilson.  
 I, Esther Whyde, will my place as President of the FHA to next year's President if she is crazy enough to take it.  
 I, Jean Williams, will my curly hair to Barbara Nebinger.  
 This will has been signed and witnessed by the following:

NOMA DUPLER AND ERMA TOTH



## Education, the Solution to World Peace

The question that people have been trying to answer since time began is "What will truly make mankind free?"

To me there is just one answer. The solution lies in education. Only by educating the peoples of the world, can we hope to dispel the turmoil and the conflict which are present in our world today. Any people who are educated will have a clearer understanding of each other. They will be able to see why the different races have different conceptions concerning the manner in which their religion and schools should be conducted. During our school years our teachers have tried to help us to understand these things.

Tonight, as we come to the climax of our high school years, we realize our work is not finished; indeed, our task has just begun. We are fully aware of the tremendous responsibility which belongs to us, the citizens of tomorrow. Into our hands has been placed the torch of hope for the future. Fearlessly, yet humbly, we go forth to accept this challenge.

Now, people speak in fear of a Third World War and of frightful weapons, such as, the atomic bomb and the terrifying hydrogen bomb which will bring about the annihilation of cities and the destruction of civilization. Education alone offers us the only means of guarding against hysteria. There are people who, filled with despair at the state of world affairs, believe we stand on the brink of doom. It has been thus, since the beginning of civilization; but, the human race, through education, has acquired the knowledge of understanding each other and has advanced all the arts and sciences. We are on the threshold of many more new discoveries and greater achievements. The field of education is limitless. There will always be something new for man to learn.

With steadfast hope, with faith in the boys and girls as the builders and leaders of tomorrow, and with the firm conviction that an all merciful God will grant peace, justice, and good will to mankind, we, the class of nineteen hundred and fifty-one, pledge our hearts, our minds, and our work toward the attainment of that peace.

MARLENE AIKEN, *Valedictorian*





*Good luck!*



*Young ladies with a smile*



*Grab your partner*



*Girls and flowers*

Dear Diary—

On October twenty-sixth, Roseville defeated Dresden in the Homecoming game of 1950. Miss Louise McLaughlin reigned as Homecoming Queen. She presented our co-captain, Dayle Browning with the football and her best wishes at the beginning of the game. She also placed a kiss on his forehead for good luck.

At the half, the Queen and her court entered the field in gaily decorated convertibles. Each girl had her own driver and escort. The court consisted of Miss Ann Lenhart, senior attendant; Miss Johanna Heckel, junior attendant; Miss Kay Savage, sophomore attendant; and Miss Phyllis Adams, freshman attendant.

The Queen was crowned and co-captains, Dayle Browning and Jerry Rider bestowed the annual "kiss" upon the Queen. After the attendants' escorts had presented the girls with their bouquets of yellow mums, the girls were seated in special chairs on the fifty yard line to see the remainder of the game.





LOUISE McLAUGHLIN—Our popular Homecoming Queen hails from Blue Rock. Her hobby is horse-back riding, and she is a great sports lover. When at school she can be seen with most anyone, but out of school, that certain McConnelsville guy takes up a lot of her time. Louise is circulating manager for the Hilites.





ANN LENHART—Our cute 5' 3" Senior attendant lives in Roseville. She is the Editor of the Rosette and is in the Library Club. She says she can eat anything anytime. She plans to become a nurse after graduation. Her ideal man can easily be described in two words—Charles McLaughlin!



## Baccalaureate Service

Processional	- - - - -	Mr. O. C. Stroup
Invocation	- - - - -	Rev. W. E. Bucholtz
Song—"Go Not Far From Me, Oh Lord"	- - -	HAYDN M. MORGAN
	Mixed Chorus	
Scripture Reading	- - - - -	Rev. Wm. Alexander
Sermon	- - - - -	Rev. Wm. Alexander
Song—"Out of the Depths, I Cry to Thee"	- - -	WILL JAMES
	Mixed Chorus	
Saxophone Solo—"The Lord's Prayer"	- - -	Art. MALOTTI-LAKE
	Mary Jane Shaw	
Benediction	- - - - -	Rev. W. E. Bucholtz
Recessional	- - - - -	Mr. O. C. Stroup

## Commencement

Processional—"Homage to Youth"	- - - - -	OLIVADOTE
	R. H. S. Band	
Invocation	- - - - -	Rev. W. E. Bucholtz
Class History	- - - - -	Rosalie Eversole
"Think On Me"	- - - - -	SCOTT
	Girls' Ensemble	
Salutatory	- - - - -	Nelson Melick
Valedictory	- - - - -	Marlene Aiken
Music	- - - - -	Selected
Class Poem	- - - - -	Lora Ditter
Presentation of Lamp Of Knowledge	- - - - -	Jerald Bruce
Acceptance of Lamp Of Knowledge	- - - - -	Jerry Owens
Remarks	- - - - -	Robert D. Regula, Supt.
Presentation of Class	- - - - -	W. E. Buck, Prin.
Presentation of Diplomas	- - - - -	W. I. Watt, President, Board of Education
Benediction	- - - - -	Rev. W. E. Bucholtz



## The American Way

Your presence here tonight is deeply appreciated, and I, as salutatorian of the class of nineteen hundred and fifty-one, bid you a most hearty welcome.

Together twelve years ago, we started to climb the ladder, step by step, and tonight we have reached graduation, the step in the ladder which means that each of us will be going our separate way, whether it be to higher education, to work wherever available, or to the service of our country. Whatever our goal may be, we feel that your presence here tonight shows that we may depend upon your interest and good will in the future. We, on our part, realize that it is to you, the people of this audience, that we owe our deepest appreciation. You are the ones who have built this fine building and supplied our textbooks in order that we might have a free education. Only in a democratic country, such as ours, is this possible.

Let us, for a minute, look at the school life of a student in a country whose government differs from ours. There, we see a boy or a girl buying his own textbooks; whereas, in America they would, in most states, be given to the children free of charge. As we listen to a classroom session there, we hear being taught only what the government wants the students to hear. These students do not have the right to express their own ideas and opinions as we do.

When we think of things like this, we realize how fortunate we are to have a country founded upon democratic ideas and principles, and in which each had an opportunity to reach his goal through his own ability and efforts.

In paying tribute to our schools, we should not forget the other agencies which have helped us climb the ladder, our homes and churches. The love and inspiration of our homes has been, and always will be, an elevating influence toward the high standard of democratic living we have reached in America. Our family life is the corner stone of our progress. Our churches are the very foundation of our democracy. We have been inspired by their teachings; and now, of all times, we should try to find more time to attend our churches and to pray together that the war we are in today will be ended and that we will see eternal peace together in the coming generations.

So, with deep gratitude to you, our audience, the class of nineteen hundred and fifty-one, again welcomes you to its commencement program.

NELSON MELICK, *Salutatorian*



# Class History

Dear Diary—

Now that I am just about through school, I start reminiscing and thinking back over my four years in high school. Gee! Those four years went fast, and so many of the kids who started with us are not with us now.

Let's see, there were seventy-six of us when we started. Now there are fifty-two. Golly! Those kids don't know what they've missed.

In our freshman year, Grace Mulligan and John Smith were assigned as our home room teachers. Were we ever a timid bunch! But that only lasted until the seniors got their hands on us! Were they ever rough with us! But we survived. After that, we elected class officers. Bill Callihan was elected president; Max Dilts, vice-president; Jerald Bruce, secretary; and Frances Mankey, treasurer. We chose a yellow lamb which we named Daisey June as our mascot. Feeling as though we were full-fledged members now, we participated in many of the various activities of school.

As we began our sophomore year, we found Wayne Buck and Robert Russell were to lead us through this year. At the first class meeting the following officers were elected: Dayle Browning, president; Marlene Aiken, vice-president; Ann Lenhart, secretary; and Bill Callihan, treasurer. Toward the last part of the year, we appointed a committee to select our class rings.

Looking forward to that wonderful junior year, we reported to Room 19 and were met by Mrs. Leaders and Miss Clark. The following officers helped us through this busy and exciting year: president, Eddie Sterling; vice-president, Dayle Browning; secretary, Bill Callihan; and treasurer, Carol Campbell. We chose green and white as our class colors and ordered our pennant. Trying to build up our treasury, we began the year by undertaking projects such as selling pencils and magazines, planning the Variety Show and class play, and many other successful things. We were well represented in all school activities this year. Miss Jean Ann Williams was selected as the junior representative in the Homecoming activities.



# Class History

Beginning our senior year, we felt as though we had reached one of our most important goals. Mr. Mike LoPresti and Mr. Donald Williams were our counselors. We elected as class officers: Jerald Bruce, president; Bill Callihan, vice-president; Carol Campbell, secretary; and Nelson Melick, treasurer. As in our junior year, we also planned projects for making money for our senior trip. We discussed the usual pictures, caps and gowns, and other things that go with graduation. Miss Louise McLaughlin was elected to reign as Homecoming Queen with Miss Ann Lenhart as her senior attendant.

Hoping every boy and girl gets as much as possible from high school, we will leave you now.



*Gone But Not Forgotten*





*Mr. Regula, Superintendent*

the parents who have sent their children to the school trusting that they will receive the best education possible. Teachers take it upon themselves not only to solve academic problems, but also personal problems confronting the students.

Sometimes a student may have an extra-special problem requiring the attention of a higher official. Our superintendents and principals have many very difficult problems. These problems vary, but they all add up to one thing, making our schools run like a new electric clock. Rough spots occur often and instead of the clock-like system becoming upset, the superintendents and principals, much like electricians, get to the bottom of the trouble right away and correct it before anything really serious sets in. They fix things as well as possible and learn by experience how to avoid similar trouble.

I do not mean, Dear Diary, that with such methods they shall never meet with anything with which they cannot cope, and that there is no room for improvement in today's school system; because, you and I know there is. But I also know that these problems will grow to be great headaches of both school and state unless the teachers and pupils co-operate.

Co-operate, that word is rather tricky to spell, but there's nothing deceptive about its meaning. Today if the faculty and student body worked together as a happy family, they would soon begin to realize that they were actually one huge family composed of many different members, all working for the benefit of their school and self-improvement. That is not just a dream of the distant future but one that could be brought to reality at a short notice if everyone was willing.



*Mr. Buck, Principal*

Dear Diary—

Now that I am a Senior, I have begun to think very seriously about my past years in school, and I find myself quite willing to face the years before me. In fact, I am more than willing; because, now I understand what the public schools of America have done for me.

Most schools, or rather the faculty, realize that they have a very important and difficult job to carry out. They must see to it that their students be given every advantage possible towards making them good citizens. The teachers realize that in the school they must more or less take the place of

Now, Dear Diary, I'll say farewell but not in thought, only in body, for on this page I have inscribed what I consider all important to everybody, and don't forget, Diary, "Co-operation today means a better world tomorrow".

*LAURA CASSADY, Freshman*





*School Board, County Superintendent,  
Mr. A. O. Tom, and Mr. Regula*

Dear Diary—

On Friday, October 26, we, of Roseville High School, reached a long awaited goal. Not only did the evening mean our big homecoming rites but also the dedication of our new football field and stadium.

In nineteen hundred and forty-nine, the townspeople passed a bond issue for thirty thousand dollars which enabled us to start on our big project.

In former years, the seating capacity of our old bleachers was only six hundred. Now, with the fine co-operation of the citizens and fans of Roseville, we can accommodate just twice that many people.

We, the student body, wish to thank you, the townspeople, the faculty, and school board members for helping us to obtain this goal, and win or lose, we'll never let you down.

We would also like to thank our three coaches, "Red" Smith, "Mike" LoPresti, and Mr. Russell, for their able coaching and sportsmanship.



*Three coaches: Russel, Smith, and LoPresti*





*Last minute practice*



*The girls*



*The Big Day*



*She got a big one! !*



*The Big Moment*



*Lazy! !*





*Relaxation*



*Practice! !*



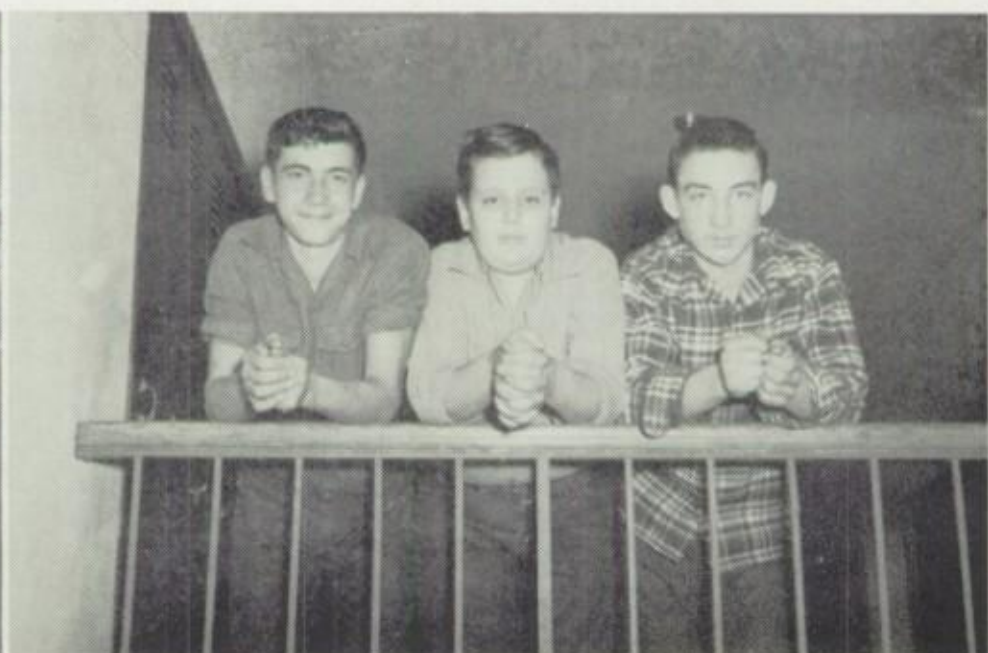
*Grand March*



*Christmas Cards—Oh! brother!*



*On the loose*



*Lazy Man's Job*





*Pleas for Peace*

## Dedication

We, the class of '51, wish to dedicate this book to the American Public School system, because we realize the value of the many contributions of the schools to world peace.

Peace through education is the very keystone of democracy and freedom. Only by instilling in the mind of the youth the basic principles and aims of democracy and the advantages of freedom and by convincing him that it is his duty to establish and maintain this freedom, can we hold hope for a lasting peace. A lasting peace can not be brought about by laws or by force. The peace-maker of today is not the statesman, the official, or the politician. The peace-maker is the educated citizen. The uninformed citizen causes war, either by blind panic, or by tolerating leaders who plot for personal gain. It is obvious that the way to peace is through education.

The statement "The youth of today is the man of tomorrow," no matter how time worn it may be, still pithily expresses an important fact that should be foremost in the minds of all peace loving people. It is the aim of the American Public School System to so further the education of the American youth that he will become the needed useful adult of tomorrow.

A program to develop mankind in this manner must include not only knowledge of the practical arts and sciences and instruction in their application, but also the realization of the fact that all of the people of the world have been perpetually searching for the same basic ideals.

All people, no matter how isolated from the rest of the world they may be, desire three things: peace, prosperity, and equality. It is readily apparent that if one is found lacking, it is impossible for the remaining two to endure.

In an attempt to secure those ideals, our country has devised the American Public School System. This organization has pledged itself to the task of enlightening the youth of America.

Though this task is tremendous, there has been spectacular success even from the beginning. Under able leadership of the school the youth of America are slowly preparing themselves for their part in the making of world peace.



Another organization with an objective similar to that of the American Public School system is the United Nations. This international body has been laboring to solve these same problems with varying degrees of success. An attempt is being made to prevent war by encouraging each side to examine the facts carefully and to eliminate differences by peaceful methods.

An effort to increase prosperity through education has saved millions from starvation and has raised the living standards of the world. In remote areas there are still many who have never seen such common tools as the hoe and the sickle. Likewise, thousands have never seen a wheeled vehicle of any kind. The United Nations, by introducing more efficient machines and hand tools, has increased production, bringing about the end of famine and a new era of prosperity for many.

The third objective, equality, is perhaps the most difficult of all to attain. Prejudice is based upon fear or an individual's aversion to a race which he does not understand. Once again, the only answer is education.

How can the youth acquire an understanding of other nations and people? This problem is not only a youth's problem, but also the problem of every conscientious adult. Every adult should do his best to support the School System of America, for within it lies his one hope of preventing future bloodshed.

He knows that the possibility of permanent peace increases in direct proportion to the effectiveness of our educational system.

"Let the lamp of knowledge light the way to world peace." This has been the cry of America since it was founded. We are proud of the fact that the American Public School System was the first to light the lamp, and to set the world on the right path to its highest objective: everlasting peace.

RONALD CHRISLEY, *Sophomore*



TODAY'S



YOUTH



# Athletic Calendar of 1950 - 51

## FOOTBALL

	We	They
Crooksville .....	33	0
M. & M. ....	6	18
Caldwell .....	19	13
New Lexington .....	19	13
New Concord .....	0	34
Dresden .....	21	13
Philo .....	0	33
Byesville .....	46	0
Glouster .....	12	21

## BASKETBALL

	We	They
M. & M. ....	32	42
Caldwell .....	38	31
Glouster .....	47	46
New Concord .....	50	45
Philo .....	41	47
Dresden .....	51	45
New Lexington .....	46	48
Crooksville .....	51	47
Old Washington .....	53	50
New Lexington .....	43	37
M. & M. ....	46	44
Caldwell .....	59	39
Philo .....	46	48
New Concord .....	41	37
Rosecrans .....	62	54
Glouster .....	65	91
Crooksville .....	49	39
Rosecrans .....	58	67
Glenford .....	59	54

## TOURNAMENT

	We	They
Frazeyburg .....	58	49
South Zanesville .....	41	42



## Faculty

- Mr. Regula—Superintendent and bookkeeping.  
Mr. Buck—Principal and industrial arts.  
Mr. LoPresti—Biology, mathematics, basketball, and senior home room.  
Mr. Wolfe—English, government, and senior home room.  
Miss Clark—American History, French, Latin, psychology and speech, adviser for Red Cross and Library Club, junior home room.  
Mrs. Leaders—Typing, shorthand, junior business training, adviser for Hilites, and junior home room.  
Mr. Russell—General science, chemistry, advanced algebra, coach for junior varsity, and sophomore home room.  
Mrs. Kerchner—Home economics, general science, adviser for F. H. A., and sophomore home room.  
Mr. Curl—World history, algebra, plane geometry, and freshman home room.  
Miss Ransbottom—English, geography, adviser for Rosette, and freshman home room.  
Mr. Smith—Eighth grade science, mathematics, football, and eighth grade home room.  
Miss Ricks—Junior High School English, adviser for cheerleaders and majorettes, and eighth grade home room.  
Miss Hanes—Junior High School history and geography, and seventh grade home room.  
Miss Basnett—Eighth grade science, girls' physical education, seventh grade home room.  
Mr. Stroup—Music.

## Rosette Staff

The Rosette Staff and its adviser wish to thank all of you for making the publishing of this year book possible.

### EDITORIAL STAFF

Ann Lenhart, senior  
Bill Callihan, senior  
Mary Jane Shaw, junior  
Barbara Skinner, junior  
Mary Jane Ridenour, sophomore  
Ronald Chrisley, sophomore  
Laura Cassady, freshman  
Julia Hansen, freshman

### BUSINESS STAFF

Marlene Aiken, senior  
Thelma Tharp, sophomore

### ADVERTISING STAFF

Carolyn Miller, senior  
Fairy Lloyd, senior  
Nelson Melick, senior  
Marion Perry, senior  
Larry Crowley, senior  
Wavalyn Hanning, junior  
Barbara Ditter, junior  
Marvin Folden, junior  
David Inman, junior  
Jerry Owens, junior  
Vernon Russell, junior  
Meris Drake, freshman  
Paula Maxwell, freshman  
Bill Good, freshman  
Dick Adams, freshman

Adviser—Miss Nancy Ransbottom



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